

The last WORDS
OF
THOMAS Lord PRIDE.

Spoken in Short-hand by T. S. late Clerk to his Lordship's Brew-house.

For My good Friends and Neighbours.

YOU become (I thank you) to be me dying: and let me request you to take my last Breath: I'll so let Speeches the long Parliament loaded you with that; (so many Speeches as, if orderly burnt, would brew two hunded Quartons of Malt) he had late speaking till, if his late Highness had not bedighted him: I spake none, neither in the Commons, nor in the other House; and yet I must either now speak or else hereafter forever hold my peace. My Conscience, till my Conscience speaks: And the first thing that is upon my mind is the Killing of the Beares, for which the people haile me, and call me all the names in the Ram-booke. But did not David kill a Bear? did not the Lord Deputy Iresme kill a Bear? did not another Lord of ours kill five Beares, and his Followers many Beares be-
fore he was made an *Eschequer*, and not in *Barren* or *Barren* time? I was high Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Beares, why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to see nothing live, that would fight; and therefore we made an *Act* against *Count-watching*; others have killed far greater things with lesse *Commissions*. But perhaps they'll say I strook at the *Privilege*; for *Kings* and *Princes* have a Priviledge when they find a good Mastive Dog, to clasp their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so to kill the Beares, hang the Dogs, no Bear, no Dog. But think you the *Privilege* will reach to Beares? or that *Great Beares* will be the *Use of Dogs*? are we like *St. Mallons*, guarded by Mastives? the French have ever made us their *Apes*, and must we follow their *Dogges* too? If an *English* Mastive get whelped in *France* they all prove *Curraus* (I will our *English* Souldiers there may never turn *French*.) Can we forget that horrid Accident which Major Generall Skippon came in Horse-lister wounded to *London*? when he pass'd by the Brew-house near *St. Johns* street, a Devilish Mastive flew (as at a Bear), at one of his Horses, and held him so fast by the Hones, that the Horse grew mad as a mad dogg, the Souldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the Mastive, but the Horse-lister born between two Horses sol'd the Major Generall like a Dog in a Blanket. Thus your Dogs use Horses and *Mans*. And for Women,

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Women, rease, *my* *poor* *though* the abominable *Mylive* took a *disposi-*
tion with an *Elder's* *Maid*. Nay, not a *Sow* in the streets by night, but
the Watchmen's *Dogs* steal privately to her; which makes you *Lon-*
don *Piggs* have such round heads; and when I my self had my first
Brew-houle (which was at *Ppt* *corner*) I heard a *Pig* bark, where-
by I knew 'twas a *City* *Pig*. Here's a sweet fit with *Beares* and *Dogs*,
able to make a wife-man mad: for first they pretend to preserve their
Dogs, yet rayl at me for shooting the *Beares* that kill those *Dogs*; and
then tax me for killing the *Beares*, yet set their *Dogs* to tear the
Beares in pieces. Yes, and the Man that ow'd the *Beares* now
sues me for destroying his *Goods*. but what the *Devil* are
Beares good for? They brag of a *Weapon-salve* made forsooth of
the fat of *Beares* killed in the *Act* of *Generation*, (though *Beares*
never generate but by night when none can know it:) my *Sword*
hath made some *Wounds*, let them anoynt the blade of my *Sword*,
and try how many *Cavaliers* 'twill cure. The *Devill* has a hand on
a foot in this *Suites* if it come from *Beares*: for, you know the *Beast*
with seven heads and ten hornes had the foot of a *Beare*, whence peo-
ple say a *Beare* has the *Devil's* foot: You think I mean the *Beares* as
the *Bridge-foot* (for *God* sends meat and the *Devil* sends *COOKS*;) I
mean a Limb of the *Devil*, and it is a sin to destroy the *Devil*. *George*
was Sainted for killing a *Dragon*; (*Saints* of old like honest *George*
us'd to kill *Beasts*, but now *Saints* commonly kill men;) the *Drage-*
on and *Bear* are Pictures of the same; for the *Devil* hath divers *Sutes*
to put on; he wears not onely the *Beast* (a *red* *Dragon*, an *Otter*, a
Bear) but a very Man, a Woman, in Silks, in Buff, in a long Mour-
ning Cloak (to hide his cloven foot) and too often a *Saint* or *Angel*
of new light; yet then so like as one *Devil* to another. An Au-
thor of *Ours* said the *Beast's* ten hornes are the *Kings* of *Europe*;
which may bee the reason why the *Members* that voted against
a *King* were so hot for *Distimation*: those *Members* were not the
major part, but the *Major* *Generall* part: I confess that *Ambur*
wrote after the *King* was beheaded, when our *Liberties* stood commi-
tted to severall *Keepers*. And yet I would know that *Member's* name
that would not be a *King*: every creature (above and below) hath a
Monarch in his belly: the *Devil* would fain have bin King of *Heaven*,
and *Adam* loom'd to be King of the *Earth*, and each of his sonnes
would be King of all the rest. And (to speak my Conscience) if the
State should vouchsafe to name me King, I think I should not question
the *Election*: no, though it were (as I hear the *Persons* once chose a
King.)

King) by the wearing of a *horne*. But he that hath *Horns* may soon be a King; and therefore I love to have my *Horne*; but with a vengeance should we have *Bearers* that feed upon *Horne-flesh*? My Physician say, that an old fellow once *Pliny* told him, that a piece of *Bearers-flesh* will grow bigger by *boyling*; which shewes the Devil and his *Damne* is in *Bearers*; for all things else will bayl away to nothing: had all my *Beer* had a good sound *boyling*, I had not dyed with a pound of *Hoppes*. Are these your *Beasts* of the *Gams*? I proteste I hate *Gaming*, there's an *Act* against it, though some of our own *Play* deep as any, and the *Gamsters* made *Dire* of some of *Their* bones who made that *Act* (O who can tell how a man is us'd when once he comes to be a *dry bone*!) Something there is that *Dice* run now more false then ever, that so many new curles follow those *Bones*. Perhaps the *Bearers* come not within the Ring of this *Act* against *Gaming*; yet both *Dog* and *Bear* are within the lists of the *Act* against *Duells*; and though they are out of the *Act* of *Oblovin*, yet some new *Justices* brought them within the *Act* for *Marriages*. 'Tis content'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the *militia*, and never paid so much as *Pole money*: they never with *Lions* were admitted into the *Tower*, nor shew'd at *Westminster* among the *fine Sights*; nor ever reckon'd among the *Crown Jewels*. There were *Propositions* for bringing in *Place*, *mony*, and *Horse*, but not for *Bearers*. And yet how must *England* turn *Greeland*? the War has made it *Red Land*, and *Funerals* make it *black Land*; & our *Ministers* make it *blew Land*. But if I never answer for killing any thing but *Bearers* I shall do well enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be *Murder*, but *Bears-slaying*: nay I kille them in my *own defence*, for they would have kille mee which is more then can be laid for putting many a thousand to death. O but they say I kille them not *fairly*, but *spot* them dead in *cold blood*? And am I the first that did so? have wee not done it over and over? I kille them as wee kille *Lucas* and *Lisle*, two as brave men as the *King* had any: what? would they have mee *baye* them to death? do I look like a *Bears-ward*? or should I knock them in the head like an *Oxe*? there is a *Major Generall* can do that better then I. I remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against *Strafford*, said, *Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law*: shall wee grant that to *Bearers* which wee deny'd to *Strafford*? A Cavalier told mee that this was but a Quibble upon the word *Law*, for there is (said hee) no *Law* for *Beasts*, but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more *sudden* and *leis* payd the better; and if a *Hare* or *Stag* have *Law*, that is, liberty to run, 'tis not for *their* but for *our* sakes, to prolong our sport in their destruction.

tion. However that Quibble was reasonable then, and did our wor-
 upon *Strafford* and *Canterbury*. But mark how both sides plead to
 mee; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law*; the other say's
There is no Law for Beasts: so both say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill
 the *Bears*. No matter how; hang them, shoot them, chop of their
 heads, send them to *Jamaica*, any way is best. For can there be *Beasts*
 more *Malignant* then *Bears*? I look'd but in my Almanack, and there I
 found two *Diggs* and two *Bears* among the *Stars*; and those I dare say
 are *Malignant Stars*; for within two lines the *great Bear* is call'd
Charles Wags. By this you'l imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*;
 wee and they shall scarce meet in one place: for els'e were madnets
 in us to kill them, because thereby wee send them to bee happy. But
 They as well as Wee would faine live; and would have good Estates as
 they had before, and as Wee have now: 'tis in our Power whether They
 shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye: for though our
 Army be as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw
 nearer Death. Behold it in mee: and remember *Naschy*, which made
 us what wee are; how the *King's* best men, when the Victory was
 theirs, took a bottomless fancy of running all away, having done the
 like before at *Marston-moor*. I have know'n six-thousand (and no
 Cowards neither) fly all like Bedlems when no enemy was within
 seavenzen miles, and if they were all examin'd upon Oath they could
 not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Trey* did
 more then all our Army in the *Judges*. 'Tis certain no *Woman* is so fickle
 as an *Army*. I speake not for my self; for 'tis well known I have done
 my part; sure I have kill'd better things than *Bears*; and kill'd them on
 men should bee kill'd, eyther in the field or in a *High Court of Justice*:
 the best *Cavalier* among them all (the *King* himself) I judg'd to the
Block; my Lord *Henson* is my witness, for hee sat next to mee. Per-
 haps they think my Lord *Henson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of
 our Trades; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Brew-
 ers* and *Shoemakers* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confesse in Justice of
 Life and Death wee except against a *Butcher* as blooded in slaying of
 sheep and Calves; but if hee onely kill *Bears* and *Men* hee may bee
 either a *Jury* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings*;
 (I spare his name because hee did a Business for mee) and 'tis as law-
 full to mend *Shoes* as *Stockings*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobler*, a
Cobler may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have bore a *Sting*, which
 made a *Knave* call me *Sr Thomas Slingsby*; but I made the *Slingsby*
 shorter, for it by one, and that one shorter by the Head; and had
 done as much for young *Mordons*, but that (having drunk White-wine
 that

(that morning) I slept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mox-*
lane was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a pissing while. But what
 if I have born a *Sling*? did not *David* so too? the difference is, Hee
 laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*; and I layd by my *Sling* and took
 up a *Sword*. Kings, Lords and Gentlemen take money for their Land; o-
 thers sow it and sell the Corn to us; wee advance it to good Beer and
 Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords and Gentlemen;
 and thus the Cup goes round. They sell for money, and Wee sell for mo-
 ny; and if a *Shilling* had a *Tongue* as well as a *Face*, it would say, Sir, I
 am but *twelve pence*; whether you *understand* in the *Brew-house* or in the
Exchequer. 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *shillings*: some are *Brass*;
 impudent Rogues, who when discovered are say'd to a *Post*:
 some are *Lead*, heavy, dull Beasts that will not goe: others are right
 Metall but *clips*, poor *decimated* things that would goe and cannot.
 But *Brass* is *Beale* and *Silver* is *Silver* at *Court* and at *Py-corner*. I
 was at *war* in my *Leather Jacket* as in my *Southern Cloak*. 'Tis
 strange what an eye-lore that *look* was to some, as if the Garment it
 self could imitate seed wee had a man that us'd to hang his Cloak in
 my *Brew-house* (as Country folk hang *Wool* over pales of *Wa-*
ter to make it *woollier*) and so though not *free*, yet his *Cloak*
 was a *Drunkard*. But *Cloaks* or *Jackets* I was the same man;
 I never deny'd, but still kept my Trade, (and if others had done so, a
 hundred thousand Lives had bin say'd) at last I got to be *Drummer* to
 the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the *Whale* at *Greenwich* I
 could have fill'd them all: for I had three *Brew-houses*, one at *Lon-*
don, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not
 I have three *Brew-houses* as well as *Assemblymen* three *Benefices*? they
 were my *Livinghood* as theirs were their *Living*s. One of those fellows
 at *Margaret's Westminster* (who had four *Prefements* given him by
 the *State*) would needs teach us how to live by a *Word*: You'll ask
 (said he) what *Word* is that? 'tis *Faith*, get *Faith* and I'll under-
 take you may live *Gentleman like*: but that *Rascal* brake his own
 word with me, and dyed Twelve pound in my debt. I grant he was
 first that told me my *Surname* came from a *King of Rome*, call'd (as I
 remember) *Iulius quoniam Suparbus*: there were seven of those *Kings*;
 but they are long since dead, and thence men call me one of the *seven*
deadly Sines; they may as well call me one of the *seven Wistons*, or
 one of the *seven Planets* or *seven Winders of the World*. But if we de-
 cid such as Hee, 'tis a very hard thing not to be a *King*. They'll prove
 (if you'll ply them) that *Adam* and *Romulus* that founded *Rome*
 were of *English* extraction; (I know not whether we had the same
 Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same *Nurse*.) But I never
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car'd three pence for their Praise; therefore I pray ye yet not my Corps
with a huge *Monument*, which cannot protect it self, nor me; and ma-
ny a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his peating *Tomb* had not told
where he lay. And trouble no my Ghost with any of their *Elegies*,
Latin or English, they make a man but laught at, and are not worth
a handful of *Grains*. I do not mean Mr. *George Withers*, for he
got the *Straw Office* by Rimmings he had once sold that Office; but
when will he sell his *Veries*? A *Straw* lies upon them so as no body
will buy them. Tis not a Month since one of the *State's Poets* brought
me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife; but I hear those *Anagram-
mers* should be all fetcht into a Court of *Wards*, for although they
have not Wit enough for *Lunatics*, they are dull enough for *Idlers*.
But now they'll all at me: what a heap of palsey *Quibbles* and *Clearches*
will they throw upon me? you'll hear them cry, *Non Bride habet a
fall, --- Now there are but six deadly sinnes. --- O, Sir, are you there
with your Beares?* They but saw me stand, holding my Crab-tree cud-
gell upright, and they cry'd, *Lo, there's the Bear and the ragged staff!*
Now have they dragg'd my poor Name, & set me back from P to B to
make me born in *Bride's Church* Porch? 'tis false and Non-sence to
call me *BR. DE.*, though my *Wife* was so when I led her to Church.
I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead of my
best Beer) I wrote that I had sent my *best Bear*. But all Letters & Books
are false, there's none of them honest except the Bible. I have an *A-
bridgement of an English Chronicle*, which drowns the Duke of *Clare-
nce* in a *Regulus of Malusey* (the Duke might as soon be drowned
in a *Thimble*;) but perhaps 'tis a whole *Lam* in the *Chronicle*, for my
book is but a *Pisane*, Hang Names and Words: *Greek* and *Latin* will
not make an honest man; and a man may speak Truth without true
spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida* Ambassador at
Alderman *Navel's*, where we had *Florence* wings, I told the Alder-
man that when that Ambassador got home in his Country he might
send us more of that *Florida wine*. They all smil'd; but what car'd I?
'twere not two pence to me if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the
Indies: they should remember I was a *Brewer*, not a *Pisane*. But I am
posting thither where there are no *Quibbles*, though I fear (in the weak
condition I am now) I may self have bin forc'd upon many (for Dy-
ing men talk idly; and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape
from *Quibbles* or *Non-sence*. And I hope you'll pardon my *hast-
ing* your Patience to long with the *Beares*; consider it was the great
Action of my Life, and the only thing (in the opinion of many) that
would lye upon my Conscience. I could I thought the Beale of my
LIFE

Life had not bin expired; there is Breath enough in the world, but I must have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant*; and a *Malignant Feaver* is his *Lieutenant General*; and (which is worse) this *New Disease* is his *Major General*; a Disease which sweeps through all Counties of *England*. And though the Weekly *Bills of Mortality* know not us who dy in the Countrey; yet tis my comfort I dye here in my own House at *New-fuch*; I was the *Kings* Houle, and Queen *Elizabeth* lov'd this above all her Houses; and some say my wife looks like that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like Her; (That *Queen* might look like whom she pleased, for She by *Proclamation* forbid any to draw her *Pillars*;) but I would not have my Wife like both Her and Him, and so make her a *Madbride*. She hath brought me divers Sons; and I leave these good Estates; (I hope I do) and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company. The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persons: But should I live a thousand yeares they would not say so of me: I think 'twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Sling*. But how many know yet, that (raised like me to Power and Command) have willingly returned to the place from whence they came? They talk indeed of a *Roman* Generall who came from the Plough (*Dick Tater* I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy went home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man; And they say if that pittifull pulchard *Massanello* (who had a hundred thousand at his pleasure) had left his command, hee had not been rewarded with a mulquet bullet, but had been honoured with a statue of Gold. 'Tis true the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a *Kings* Daughteer, resign'd her *Crown*, and vows shee never lived happy til now. But her *Successor* lov's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can get. Hee soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it: and is now in *Danmark*; holding two Ports (with two hard names) which stand like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury*; and had he strength to take Ours too, I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Danrs*. Hee has many Designs; but all my Design is onely to save my *Estate* and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little Plots, but they did not all take: I thought to make the same Horses serve both for my *Coach* and *Dray*, but I found my *Dray-horses* were too high shod, and I might as well have Harness'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what belongs to *Horses*: for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Ran*; and those *Horses* brought Saddles, for a *Sadler* hath set up another *Exchange* there. I was told *Epsham* water might do nice good; but I durst not take it, having us'd the *Vicar* so very severely, lest that *Parish Priest* should unhallow the *Well*; and (to say truth) from my *Tale*

I am told to drink Water. My *Tenth* minds me of the late
Barke of *Newbury*; for when he lay dying (as I do now) I went to
visit him, and amongst those whom Colonel *Fride* was there (for then I
was but Colonel) who said (said he) *Fride? ah, a precious Tenth!*
But what had he to do with my *Tenth*? Had I such strength and health
as young *Reeds*, I would exchange with any Lord in *England*; I now
am old and weak! How long is that *Barke* I might have been an
Aide as well as her, and the first of all the new Lords, whereby you'll
see without our *Reeds* need it in the *Perriage*. I would have no
Barke Water; though I fear the world of Doctors will be fail'd about the
Other House. They dispute the question Whether our *House* be
water-worn and Haggard and *Barb'd*? and (as within the *Alt*) Whe-
ther it be built upon a *Rock* or *Cliff*, or because 'tis a *Carriage*? Then (as
to the Foundation) have you the Roof? Whether it be *Tyld* or *Tyacht*,
(I do not exactly see *Pease* or *Jack Straw*) Whether it be the *Upper*
House or a *Garret* under a *Shower*, old *Cake*, & such Lumber is plac'd.
Whether this *House* have been a *Court of Wars*, where none fit but *Offi-
cers*; or whether this *House* be sufficient too many for a *Dying man* to re-
member. And whether I shall have been much troubled with this *Other*
House, for the *Commons* (the *House Black*) is the *War*. & so I have
thought of this *House* many times, and have been much troubled with it.
And so I have thought of my *Barb'd* *House*, the *Barb'd* *House* to *Pease*
and so I have thought of my *Barb'd* *House*, then I thought of the *Barb'd*
House I had been many years of, and then I thought of the *Barb'd* *House* and when
he comes back I had been many years of the *Barb'd* *House* to *Pease* in *London*, but to the *Barb'd*
House, and then I thought of the *Barb'd* *House*. Thus a man must run
through two Nations of the *Barb'd* *House* for he is the
man, and after a while when all are the *Other House*, though sure per-
haps the *Barb'd* *House* is the *Barb'd* *House* as such an *Other House* I hope
tis no *Barb'd* *House* worth of the *Barb'd* *House* of *London* to a *Barb'd*
for I am of the *Barb'd* *House*. I have now men are at work in bath, & what
great *House* are seem to be, and how it looks they all work for one man,
yet every man has his own twenty more things wherein the *Barb'd*
House agree. The difference is that it took the *Barb'd* *House* against a
Barb'd *House*, but not against a *Barb'd* *House*. But that was meant of
the *Barb'd* *House* of *Pease* and the *Barb'd* *House*. And a *Barb'd* *House* is worth two old
ones, for the *Barb'd* *House* hath a whole years Rent of a new *House* in hand
within ten miles of *London*. For alas my good *Friends* I am now going
to the *Barb'd* *House*, which will all multi to sooner or later and the *Barb'd*
greatest Lord of us all must then go to the *Barb'd* *House* then to the *Barb'd*
House, for so *Barb'd* *House* there, but a great bar *Other* man will never
be sold. Therefore will I go for a new *Barb'd* *House* to *Pease*.